

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## The Cathedral Church of St. Germain's.



ST. GERMAINS is the largest of the 161 parishes that form the county of Cornwall; it contains no less than seventeen villages, and extends twenty miles in circumference. In this parish are a greater number of gentlemen's seats than perhaps in any other parish in the kingdom or the size. It is situated in the hundred of East Cornwall, between Saltaah and Liskeard, on the river Tidi, which is a branch of the Lyner, and derives its name from St. Germanus, a bishop of Auxere; who, we are informed, came over here to extirpate the Palagian heresy from Britain in the year 429, and to whose memory King Athelstan here founded a priory of secular canons. The cathedral church is the chief object (and I may add the only one) worthy of notice and admiration. It was originally part of the priory, and situated within its walls, but that being destroyed, it now stands unencompassed, though much altered and less in extent. In the year 1602, some necessary repairs having been neglected, the ancient chancel fell suddenly to the ground; a short time

only after divine service had been performed in it. The interior as it now stands consists of two aisles and a nave; the latter, and the south aisle are nearly of equal dimensions, but the north aisle is much lower and narrower. The west front (as exhibited in the above engraving) is furnished with two towers, both of which originally were octagonal. The upper part of the southern tower which is now square, and surmounted with embasures; though the lower part corresponds with that on the north, which is nearly enveloped in ivy. Between the towers is the ancient entrance, which is a most beautiful circular receding arch, in width 20 feet; of this space six feet are allotted to the door, and the remainder to the pillars and sides of the arch. There are four pillars on each side, which have plain square bases and capitals, and are contained in semicircular niches. The arch contains seven mouldings; the innermost are plain and round, the third and fourth have a zig-zag ornament, the next is round, and the sixth and seventh

are zig-zag. A sculptured ornament surrounds the whole, and is terminated at each end with a rude ornament, resting on the capital of the outer pillars. Between the pillars, which are seven feet six inches high, is a zig-zag ornament in alternate succession. The height of the door is ten feet, and the whole height of the arch sixteen feet. In the interior the ornaments and architecture of the aisles differ much one from another; the whole in short appears a complete piece of patch-work, and there are many very curious relics and devices to be found in it. In several of the windows are coats of arms of different dates on painted glass. In that part now employed as the chancel is a rude ancient seat, commonly called the Bishop's Chair, but more probably nothing more than a stall seat of one of the monks. Its height is about three feet. Beneath the seat is carved the figure of a hunter, with game on his shoulder and accompanied by dogs. Leland, in his account of this church says, "also upon another creke, west of the said river (Tamar) and nearer up, is a town called St. Germaine, wherein is now a priory of black canons, and a parochie church in the body of the same. Beside the high altar of the same priory, in the right hand, is a tumb in the walle, with an image of a bishop; and over the tumb XI bishops, paynted with their names and surcois, as tokens of so many bishops buried there, or that there had been so many bishops of Cornwall that had theyre seat there: and at this day the Bishop of Exeter hath a place called Cudden Boke, joining hard upon the south-east of the said town."—There is a curious Latin inscription of eight lines upon a monument, so contrived that the initials letters of the words at the beginning and middle of the lines when connected, form the words JOHANNAS GLANVILLE, and the letters at the end of each line, MINISTER.

Carew, in his survey of Cornwall, in describing the town of St. Germaine, and the priory, relates in the following words the manner in which the site was obtained by Champernoun:—

"The Church Town mustereth many inhabitants and sundry ruins, but little wealth; occasioned either through abandoning their fishing trade, as some conceive, or by their being abandoned by the religious people, as the greater sort imagined; for in former times the Bishop of Cornwall's see was from St. Petrock's in Bodmyn, removed hither, as from hence, when the Cornish diocese united with Devon it passed to Crediton. But this seat long received relief through a succeeding priory; which, at the general suppression, changing his note with his boat,

is now named Port Elliot;\* and by the owner's charity distributeth *pro virili* the alms accustomed expected and expended at such places. Neither will it, I think, much displease you to hear how this gentleman's ancestor, of whom Master Elliot bought it, came by the same.

"John Champernoun, sonne and heire apparent to Sir Philip, of Devon, in Henry the Eighth's time, followed the court, and through his pleasant conceits, of which much might be spoken, won some good grace with the King. Now, when the golden shower of the dissolved abbey-lands rayned well-near into every gaper's mouth, some two or three gentlemen, the king's servants, and Master Champernoun's acquaintance, waited at a door, when the king was to pass forth, with purpose to beg such a matter at his hands. Our gentleman became inquisitive to know their suit; they made strange to impart. This while out comes the King; they kneel down, so doth Master Champernoun; they prefer their petition, the King grants;—they render humble thanks; and so Champernoun. Afterwards he enquireth his share; they deny it; he appealed to the King: the King avoweth his equal meaning in the largesse; whereon the overtaken companions were fayne to allet him his priory for his past age."

\* Port Elliot, the seat of Edward Crago, Lord Elliot, occupies the site, and a great part consists of what were formerly the lodgings and offices of the Priory of St. Germaine.

E. H.—s.

#### ON RECEIVING A KISS FROM A YOUNG WOMAN.

BY BURNS.\*

BALMY seal of soft affection,  
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,  
Dearest ties of young communion,  
Love's first snow-drops virgin kiss.

Speaking silence—dumb confession—  
Passion's birth—and infant's play—  
Dove-like fondness—chaste concession—  
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy—alien's last action  
When lingering lips no more must join;  
What words can ever paint affection  
So thrilling and sincere as thine!

\* The Edinburgh correspondent to whom we are indebted for this poem by Burns, states that he believes it was never before printed.—Ed.

#### CARRIER PIGEONS.

It is stated in some of the daily papers, that the first intelligence of the result of a boxing match between two pugilists, of the names of Ward and Cannon, last week, at Warwick, was brought to London by a carrier pigeon of the Flemish breed,

which performed the distance, ninety-one miles, in three hours. The bird of peace and innocence could scarcely be more unworthily employed; and we are surprised that carrier pigeons are not employed on more useful occasions.

When pigeons were first employed as messengers is unknown, but the practice is certainly very ancient. Hirtius and Brutus are said to have held a correspondence with each other by means of pigeons, during the siege of Modena; and Ovid relates that Taurosthenes gave notice to his father of his victory at the Olympic Games, by sending a pigeon stained with purple to him at Aegina.

In modern times, the pigeons of Aleppo have been most celebrated; they served as couriers at Alexandretta and Bagdad. Lithgow states, that one of these birds would carry a letter from Babylon to Aleppo, which is thirty days journey, in forty-eight hours.

Pigeons are trained to this service in Turkey and Persia, by being carried first, while young, short flights of half a mile, afterwards more, until at length they will find their way from the most distant parts of the kingdom. Every Bashaw had a basket of these pigeons bred in the seraglio, which upon any emergent occasion, such as an insurrection or the like, he despatched with letters under their wings to the seraglio. This was a speedy and a safe method, but he sent out more than one in case of accidents, but it has been discontinued within the last century, in consequence of the frequency with which the Curd robbers killed the pigeons. An instance of this sort occurred at home last week, and adds to the many traits of brutality which are associated with prize-fighting; independent of the pigeon which brought the news of the battle from Warwick, a second was sent off with the same message, and being seen going over Hounslow was shot by some person eager to learn the result of the brutal contest. The custom of intercepting carrier pigeons seems to have been frequent, and would indeed be the greatest obstacle to employing them on mercantile or political errands. Tenenge, the naval chaplain, in his diary of events a century ago, published a short time since, relates the following anecdote on this subject:—

“A carrier pigeon being killed on its way from Scanderoon to Aleppo, the letter conveyed by it, instead of reaching the person for whom it was intended, fell into the hands of an European merchant of a different nation. It contained information of the excessive price to which gall nuts, the most valuable article of commerce procured from Aleppo, had

risen in Europe. The merchant, who had thus obtained the notice, immediately bought up all the gall nuts he could find, and by this means acquired a very considerable gain. The circumstance naturally produced a great deal of jealousy and ill-will among the Europeans, and at length, to prevent the chance of a repetition of such dishonourable conduct, it was resolved by them, that in future no courier of the kind should be used. Since that period, therefore, the practice has been discontinued. The pigeons had been known to perform the journey, 60 or 70 miles, in two hours and a half.

#### LOVE'S FORGETS.

(For the Mirror.)

The dew of night may fall from heaven,  
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,  
And tears of fond regret be given,  
To mourn the virtues of the dead;  
But morning's breeze the dew will dry,  
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,  
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,  
And even love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn the fallen leaf,  
And Autumn's winds bewail its bloom,  
And friends may heave the sighs of grief  
O'er those that sleep within the tomb:  
But now will Spring renew the flowers,  
And time will bring more smiling hours;  
In friendship's heart all grief will die,  
And even love forget to sigh.

The sea may, on the desert shore,  
Lament each trace it weans away;  
The lonely heart its wail may pour  
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay:  
But when all trace is lost and gone,  
The waves dance bright and lightly on:  
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,  
And even love forgets to mourn.

R. C.—3.

#### THE GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS AND ROMANS.

(For the Mirror.)

IN commencing an account of the games and exercises of the ancient Greeks and Romans, I shall divide the subject into two parts, viz. first, their public; secondly, their private games and exercises.

The public games of the ancient Greeks were four in number, viz. the Olympic, the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Isthmian. The Olympic games being by far the most splendid, and a victory obtained therein considered the most honourable, will form the first subject of consideration. Their game is derived either from Jupiter Olympus, to whom they were dedicated, or to Olympia, where

they were celebrated, originally a city of the Pisians; but being overcome by the Heraclidae, in their division of the Peloponnesus, was assigned to the Elians; it was situated on the beautiful banks of the Alpheus, a distance of about thirty miles from the city of Elis, and which had been consecrated to Jupiter from the most remote antiquity, and deemed peculiarly sacred. The ancient historians vary most materially in their accounts of the founder of these games; some ascribing it to Jupiter after his defeat of the giants, some to Pisus, some to Hercules, one of the Dactylia, some to Hercules in honour of Pelops, and others to Pelops himself. The Elians had an ancient tradition ascribing their origin to Jupiter, in commemoration of his wrestling with Saturn, whom he overcame, and banished. Whoever was the first founder of these games, cannot be correctly stated, suffice it to say, that the Greeks and other nations considered them of divine origin. Pausan lib. 5, gives us the name of Oxylus, one of the Heraclides, as the last chieftain who celebrated them before their renewal by Iphitus, and he relates that so long an intermission of the ceremony had occurred that the memory thereof was almost lost.

Iphitus, great grandson of Oxylus, and a descendant of Hercules, ascending to the throne of Elis, found his small state harassed and annoyed by the continual incursions and depredations of his more strong and powerful neighbours, was desirous that his people should be relieved from these external attacks, and that they might enjoy an almost perpetual peace, had recourse to religion, and sent to consult the Oracle of Delphi to remedy these evils. The whole of the states of Greece were at this time in a state of discord and civil war, and was told by the Pythoress that the safety of all Greece depended upon the renewal of the Olympic games; the non-observance of which, she said, had drawn down the vengeance of Jupiter, and indignation of Hercules, by whom they were instituted. Conferring also the sole superintendence of them to the Elians, and threatening any one who should disturb the peace of that people, with the vengeance of Apollo. The right of superintending the games by the Elians alone, was at first strongly questioned, but at length universally acknowledged by the other states of Greece, and although we find some Olympiads at which others presided, the Elians erased them from the public register and they were called by all Greece *Ανολυμπιαδας*, unlawful Olympiads. Thus were the Olympic games re-established by Iphitus, and

his friend Lycurgus, under the command of the Delphic Oracle, seven hundred and seventy-six years before the birth of Christ, and eighteen or twenty before the commencement of the building of Rome, by common chronology, or (by Sir Isaac Newton's chron.) one hundred and forty nine, four hundred and eight years after the destruction of Troy, from which time the number of Olympiads were reckoned, one hundred and eight years after Chæreus, who gained the victory in the course of the Stadium, was first inscribed in the public register of the Elians; this practice was continued and the names of the victors indicated the different Olympiads, and formed fixed periods in chronology. They were celebrated every fifth year, and commenced on the tenth day of the month *Εκατομβαιων*, a month consisting of thirty days, beginning on the first new moon after the *ῥεγωνας* *Σεπτας*, summer solstice, answering to the latter end of June and beginning of July. The heat in Greece during this month is most excessive, and to increase the difficulty and fatigue of the games, they were performed in the afternoon, when even the spectators were sometimes unable to remain exposed to the sun. They lasted five days, and during the festival there was a cessation of hostility to all the states of Greece. During the first fifty Olympiads, they were superintended by one person only, who was of the family of Oxylus; after that time two persons were appointed and continued this number until the one hundred and three Olympiad, when they were increased to twelve, one chosen from each tribe of the Elians. In the next Olympiad, the tribes being reduced by war to eight, the presidents also were eight; 105 Olympiad they increased to nine, and the 108 again increased to ten and kept to that number ever after; they were called *ελληνοδικοι*, and resided together in a place called *ελληνοδικειον* ten months preceding the games to superintend the preparatory exercises of those who were to contend and to be instructed in the laws of the games by the keepers of the law, and thus qualify themselves for the high and important character of Judges of all Greece as their title imports; they were under the obligation of an oath to proceed with the strictest justice in all cases; this oath was administered in the Senate House, and before the statue of Jupiter Horcius; they were compelled to spend the greatest part of the day in the Gymnasium and thus acquire information, so that it was impossible for any case to occur in which they were not competent to decide. One of their duties also consisted in excluding from the con-

tests, those who were not possessed of the qualification required by Iphitus. During the time they continued in office they possessed considerable power, adjudging the prizes, punishing by scourging, and fines those candidates who were guilty of any irregularity; and they had the power of excluding not only individuals but the whole inhabitants of a state from participation of the games. An Athenian named Calippis being fined by the Hellenodics for bribing his adversaries in the exercises of the Pentathlon, the Athenians out of regard to their fellow citizens sent one of their greatest orators, Hyperides, to the Elians, praying them to remit the fine, but they would not be moved by the rhetoric of Hyperides or the pride of the Athenians who refused to submit to the decree, and were in consequence excluded from the games. Consulting the Oracle of Delphi some time after the Oracle refused to answer them while under the ban of exclusion, consequently the Athenians, to remove this excommunication, were obliged to pay the fine demanded by the Elians, who with the money erected six statues to Jupiter. At the solemnity they sat naked, having the crown of victory before them till the exercises were finished, when they adjudged it to the victor. The integrity of these judges was never questioned, but an appeal lay from them to the Olympian Senate. History makes mention of but one appeal, and that was given in their favour. To preserve peace and good order, there were appointed certain officers who were called Alutar, over whom was a president styled αλutarχης.

GIOVACCHINO A——

(To be continued.)

### ON THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

ON comparing the 108th number of the British Essayists, vol. 3, with a subsequent number in the same volume, upon pride, by an anonymous writer, I am compelled to acknowledge the extreme facility there is in putting the most important and practical moral qualifications in a ridiculous light. Every virtue seems nearly allied to some opposite vice. However easy it may be to confound dignity with pride, whose qualifications do not differ less widely, on that account, than ridicule and argument. Addison, and more particularly Young, are indebted for no inconsiderable share of their celebrity, to the able manner in which they have treated this subject. Both rest their opinions upon the scripture;

the former by a general reference, the latter by very many citations. Of these none appears to me to be more applicable than Jacob's dream. Heaven and earth appear to be so "shot" into each other, as it were, that there is not room to wish for a readier intercourse.

But quitting this figure, which I feel I am not competent to sustain, I may, perhaps, without profanity, be allowed to substitute another. Humility may be said to be the root of religion. It is a principle, which, while it is anxiously cherished, should be as carefully buried in its native soil of concealment. Avowed pride is, at worst, deserving of ridicule; but a counterfeit humility ought certainly to be the object of a serious aversion. But I am disposed to view the former in a much more favourable light; unlike our anonymous author, who considers it to be a certain indication of madness; or at least an infirmity that may be easily aggravated to insanity. Humility is often clad in a robe of pride. None are so proud as those who, like the half naked philosopher Diogenes, are ostentatious of their humiliation.

I know it has been objected to the stoical code, that it inculcates self-esteem. Be it remembered it is to this dogma that Addison has given his concurrence. Nor has it been altogether without plausibility. There is nothing created that does not impress the contemplator with a sense of the lavish power of the Creator, and without exciting a desire of sharing more largely in that inexhaustible prodigality, whose gifts appear to be measured only by a capacity to receive. Man's only fear should be, not lest he should ask unworthily, but lest the object of his petition should be unworthy of himself.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood to have recommended a maxim of self-estimation without its proper qualifications. I recommend it only as a matter of feeling, and not of comparative merit. Faith is the prostration of reason before the throne of revelation. The pride of the understanding is the least equivocal description of idolatry. The pagan world were condemned because they shut out the light of nature. The finger of providence was, to them, clearly discernible in all his works. Their contemplation could not fail to convince the understanding; but it was a conviction that only gave them a more exalted opinion of its faculties, thereby enlarging their affection for the creature, while the Creator still continued unadored.

Though few, perhaps, are to be found at the present day, who refuse to offer the

sacrifice of awe and admiration at the shrine of the universe, yet are there not wanting those, who seem unwilling to pay that deference to a moral dispensation which they do not withhold from those immutable laws by which the natural world is governed. Although there is not any precept more clearly laid down, or more earnestly enforced than the subject of the present speculation; yet is there not any topic treated with so little perspicuity, and with so many reservations. The difference between pride and dignity, in what, after all, does it consist? It is to be found in that which constitutes all dissimilarity. It is the difference, as I have before intimated, between what is comparative, and what destroys all comparison. It is the difference between that which levels, and that which produces inequality. There is no respect of persons in the Christian system. The author of the "Night Thoughts" has insisted with much propriety, that whatever levels cannot be said to exalt. The same excellent moralist has also said that, "man cannot think too meanly of himself, or too highly of his nature." Whatever dignity he possesses, is shared alike by the whole human race. His crimes and infirmities, on the contrary, are confined to his own bosom. He is unable, therefore, to conceive any one more debased than himself by crime, or less exalted by conversion.

In this view of the question, human nature affords a picture of unilluminated humiliation. But we are surveying an unfinished performance. There is yet another consideration that will shed an hallowed effulgence over the scene. The infirmities under which men labour—the sufferings they undergo—are all borne by Him who still exists in mysterious union with human nature. To Him, whose resources are unlimited, the load is, indeed, light; but need they distrust an extension of the same succour, or rather, might they not neglect the sequel, when the toil to be undertaken is thus simultaneously endured? **HUMILIS.**

#### SAGACITY OF THE DOG.— HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

"Seen the sagacious Brute—his curling tail,  
Flourished in air, low bending plies around."  
SONERVILLE.

THE services of this truly valuable creature, have been so eminently useful to the domestic interests of man in all "ages, that to give the history of the Dog, would be little less than to trace

mankind back to their original state of simplicity and freedom, and to mark the progress of civilization." **BEWICK.**

Amongst all the extraordinary works of nature, there are none more surprising than the sagacity with which some animals are endowed: more particularly the elephant and the dog. Of the latter animal's sagacity we shall give an instance.—Every one, who has at all observed the manners and habits of dogs, will agree with what I have said.—Their great utility cannot be denied, and in many situations, they are in short, totally indispensable to the wants of mankind.

That they are often a pest, rather than a benefit, is certainly the case; but what should we do without them?

The *Setter* is a favourite dog of mine, and the following lines describing his habits, are so beautiful, that the reader will, I make no doubt, pardon their insertion here.

"When Autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay,  
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,

My *Setter* ranges in the new-shorn fields,  
His nose in air erect: from ridge to ridge  
Panting he bounds—his quartered ground divides

In equal intervals, nor careless leaves  
One inch untrod. At length the tainted gales  
His nostrils wide inhale—quick joy elates  
His beating heart, which, awed by discipline  
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps  
Low cowering, step by step. At last attains  
His proper distance:—then he stops at once,  
And points with his instructive nose upon  
The trembling prey."

I expect that those who read the following anecdote, will take me for a first cousin to Baron Munchausen, or, perhaps, to the still more celebrated Ferdinand Mendez Pinto.

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a Type of thee,  
Thou liar of the first magnitude!"

However what I relate, occurred almost under my own eyes. A dog, who is now in my possession, was formerly the property of some carriers in the town, where I then resided. This animal, which is, I think of a Spanish or Dutch breed, was kept for the purpose of guarding their stables at night. He is very good-natured to the human, but exceedingly fierce amongst the canine race. One evening when the carriers were shutting up the stables for the night, the dog rushed out, to their no small surprise, and though he was both coaxed and beat,



obstinately refused to re-enter. Thinking this very odd, they went again into the stable to see if every thing was right, and perceiving nothing, they suffered the animal to go home with them to their lodgings.—About 3 o'clock in the morning they were aroused from their beds by the cry of "Fire!" and arrived in time to witness their stable a prey to that "devouring element."

This fact was current all over the town, and this it was which made me desirous to possess the dog.

It seems to be a vulgar error that dogs are more liable to become mad in warm than in cold weather. "In hot countries," observes a writer in a popular work, "the disease is, indeed, almost unknown, and any body who reads the accounts in the newspapers, may remark that as many cases occur in winter as in summer. On the continent, where the disease is often caused by the bite of wolves, it seems to occur oftener in winter than in summer."

I have observed a very excellent plan in the papers, which if adopted in this country, might be the means of preserving many valuable lives to the community annually. It is merely a basket so contrived, that, the dog is suffered to eat and drink while at the same time it prevents him from biting. This is common in Paris. Hydrophobia, (which in English is *Water Fear*;) is not caused only by the bite of a dog, but frequent instances are given from that of the fox, cat, horse, ox, ass, and hog, and even from that of a hen, a goose, a duck, &c., but varying in the symptoms, and in different degrees of violence.—It is to be remarked that a scratch is equally dangerous with a bite. The poison will remain in the constitution for a considerable period of time; in one case, indeed, which occurred under Dr. Bardsley, at the Manchester Infirmary, twelve years had intervened. Many remedies and modes of treatment have been proposed for hydrophobia when confirmed; but there has yet been none found to answer the high expectations excited at their first appearance. That of M. Majendie, which is injecting water into the veins, has turned out a complete failure.—I shall reserve a few more observations on this interesting subject, as well as some anecdotes of dogs.

VVVYAN.

#### THE MAXIMS OF CHILO.

MR. EDITOR.—The following brief account of Chilo with a few of his maxims may be worthy insertion in the MIRROR. He lived in days of yore, and his maxims

are of sterling merit. He was one of the seven sages of Greece, and flourished 550 years before Christ. He was a magistrate and acted with so much sagacity and integrity, that in his old age, he said, he recollected nothing in his public conduct which gave him regret, save that in one instance, he had endeavoured to screen a friend from punishment. Æsop is said to have once asked him, "how Jupiter employed himself;" he replied, "in humbling those that exalt themselves, and exalting those that abase themselves." He lived to a great age, and expired through excess of joy in the arms of his son, when he returned victorious from the Olympic games. The following are some of his maxims. Three things are difficult:—to keep a secret, to bear an injury patiently, and to spend leisure time well. Visit your friends in misfortune rather than in prosperity. Never ridicule the unfortunate. Think before you speak. Gold is tried by the touchstone, and men by gold. Honest loss is preferable to shameful gain, by the one a man is a sufferer but once, by the other always. It is better to be loved than feared. Speak no evil of the dead. Reverence the aged. Know thyself.

P. T. W.

#### NEWSPAPER BLUNDERS.

It has hitherto been believed that our *Earth* was, with a few trifling defects pretty well finished; we find, however, from the following advertisement, that it was only completed the other day by Messrs. Addison and Co.; and moreover, that it is to be seen at their warehouse, which must be rather a large one.

"Messrs. Addison and Co., Globemakers, by appointment, to his Majesty, respectfully informs the nobility and gentry, subscribers to the above, that the TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE is completed. They invite not only the subscribers but all scientific ladies and gentlemen to view it at their manufactory, 50, London Street, Fitzroy Square, where may be had globes of various sizes, &c."—*Morning Herald*, June 24.

*A Scurvy Advertisement.*—A gentleman and his wife may be accommodated with board and lodging in a private family, 27 miles from London, in the immediate vicinity of a fine mineral, whose medicinal properties are Antiscorbutic.—*Times*, June 20.

*To very young Couples.*—A man and his wife wanted, about 30 years of age.

in a respectable school, near Hendon.—*Times*, June 20. Of course the man and wife are to be but 15 years old each.

*Cheap Living*.—The *John Bull* of two Sundays lately has contained long articles on the high price of butcher's meat: how unreasonable its complaints on that subject are, will appear at once, by the following quotation from its own columns, June 19th: "At the Rainbow Tavern, 76, Cornhill, joints are ready from one to six o'clock, at one shilling and sixpence each." Sure this is not dear for a joint!

*To ugly Cooks*.—Wanted in a gentleman's family at Brighton, a plain cook. *Morn. Chron.* June 22.

*Short Commons*.—Wanted, by a surgeon residing at Guildford, two apprentices who will be treated as one of the family. —*New Times*, June 23. How the young gentlemen may manage for food we can guess; but how they are to do with but one pair of breeches between them, passes our powers of imagining.

*An incapable Teacher*.—A clergyman, D.D. and member of one of the Universities, will undertake to qualify but a very limited number of pupils for College. —*Times*, June 23. If this clergyman will undertake to qualify but a very limited number of pupils in the way he mentions, we think it most likely that he is unable to qualify any at all.

*To tall Butlers*.—Wants a situation under a butler, a young man twenty years of age, five feet seven inches high. —*New Times*, June 23. If this be the height of a footman who is to be under the butler, of what height must the butler be?

*Valorous Tailor*.—A journeyman tailor wishes to engage with any person whom he may happen to suit. —*Times*, June 23. Does this mean that the tailor insists first on having a *set-to* with any person he may have occasion to measure? or merely that he undertakes to fight any man of his own weight.

*A question to be asked*.—A lady's school to be disposed of on very advantageous terms. —*Morning Herald*, June 24. To which party are the terms to be advantageous? We opine to the seller.

*A doubtful Puff*.—At C—— and Co.'s, Oxford Street, silks, gros de Naples, &c. are now selling off at very unusual prices.

—*New Times*, June 23. A hundred pounds a yard, perhaps, or some other unusual price

*Another question to be asked*.—An experienced *Classic* is willing to devote his time, on moderate terms, during the vacation, in teaching Latin and Greek, &c. Which *Classic* can this be? Cicero is a likely name—or Quintilian may be the person who offers his time to the citizens on moderate terms—they are both experienced classics.

*To persons who never laugh*.—A young lady, 25 years of age, wishes for a situation in a serious family. —*Morn. Herald*, June 24. Of course no cheerful family could think of addressing themselves to this advertiser.

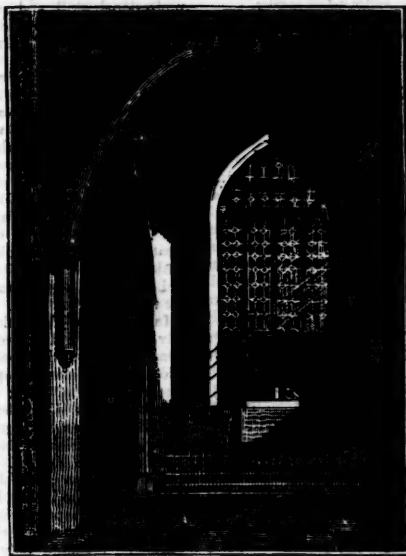
*Mathematics of the Chronicle*.—The *Morning Chronicle* of June 23rd, in describing the late fire in Mortimer Street, &c. tell us that it burned round an angle that runs parallel to Oxford Street.

#### THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE horrible traffic in human flesh still flourishes on the coast of Africa, under the protection of the French flag: the approach of a white man is a signal for war among the natives; and the approach of a Christian man is welcomed by the firing of hamlets, and the destruction not only of families, but of whole villages. A native chief, who, having pledged himself for the supply of a number of young slaves, lately attacked a peaceful village in the night, and after burning their huts, and murdering all the adults, men, women, and even the infants, the youths were dragged away to fulfil his promise. On another occasion, the natives wanting rum and other foreign productions, a powerful tribe in the interior rushed down on the coast, carrying fire and desolation with them. In one short week, eight villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants, who were not slaughtered, were sold as slaves to the European villains, who commanded the vessels off the coast. In the course of one year only, there were 362 cargoes of slaves shipped from two small streams, so small, that their situation was scarcely marked on the map of Africa; those cargoes, reckoned at a moderate average, would consist of 105,600 persons. Can it, then, be doubted that the misery and wretchedness countenanced on the coast of Africa is beyond parallel in the history of nations?



## St. Edmund's Chapel, and Cowper's Monument.



In No. 96 of the MIRROR, we gave a view and description of the house in which William Cowper, the poet, was born, and we now present a view of the Chapel in which he was buried, and of his tomb at East Dereham, in the county of Norfolk.

East Dereham is a fine large town, and has several hamlets belonging to it. St. Wilburgh, the youngest daughter of king Anna, founded a monastery here before the year 748, which was destroyed by the Danes in 974. From her grave, in the body of the church, issues a very fine spring of water, which runs through her tomb, and forms a bath in the churchyard: it was formerly reputed to perform miracles. The church, which is undoubtedly of great antiquity, is a very large Gothic structure, supported by pillars of various forms, and having a steeple in the centre, open to the body of the church. The font is a very fine piece of antiquity, erected in the year 1468; it is adorned with carvings, representing the seven sacraments of the church of Rome. The organ is a singular instrument, built by a German of the name of Bernard Schmidt, for the Hon. Roger North, Attorney-General to Charles the Second's

queen. At that time it was esteemed one of the greatest efforts of human ingenuity for the melody of its tones, although its pipes are made of wood instead of metal. This ingenious piece of mechanism was sold for a trifle by some of the descendants of its first possessor to an inhabitant of this town, from whose widow the parishioners purchased it for £30. but so incompetent were they to judge of its merits, that for years it was accounted good for nothing, and lay neglected as useless lumber. At length, a better judge having shown its melodious properties, it was put up in the church in the year 1786, and is now esteemed one of the best instruments in the kingdom.

Cowper was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, in this Church, on the 2nd of May, 1800. Over his grave a monument is erected, bearing the following inscription from the pen of Mr. Hayley:—

*In memory of William Cowper, Esq. born in Herefordshire, 1731, buried in this Church, 1800.*

YE, who with warmth the public triumph feel,  
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,  
Here, to devotion's hard devoutly just,  
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!

England, exulting in his spotless fame,  
Ranks, with her dearest sons, his favourite name;  
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise  
So clear a title to affection's praise;  
His highest honours to the heart belong,  
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

## Select Biography.

No. XXIX.

### DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE.

THIS eminent physician was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where he was born, in the year —. At the age of 15 he was entered of University College, Oxford, where he became a senior scholar, and took his first degree. Afterwards he obtained a fellowship of Lincoln's College, where he recommended himself to the favour of his friends, more by his ready wit and vivacity, than by any distinguished acquirements in learning. His sociable talents made him the delight of his companions, and the most eminent scholars in the University were fond of his conversation. Though he ran through the usual course of studies connected with medical science, his library was so scanty, that when Dr. Ralph Bathurst, then head of Trinity College, asked him one day in a surprise, "where was his study?" Radcliffe pointed to a few phials, a skeleton, and an herbal, answered—"Sir, this is Radcliffe's library."

On taking his bachelor's degree in physic, he began to practise in quite a new method, paying little or no regard to the rules then universally followed, which he even then ventured to censure with such acrimony, as made all the old physicians his enemies. One of the principal of these was Dr. Gibbons, who observed, by way of ridiculing Radcliffe, that it was a pity his friends had not made a scholar of him. This sarcasm was repaid by Radcliffe, by fixing upon its author the nick-name of Nurse Gibbons, which unfortunate appellation stuck to him to his dying day.

He adopted the cool regimen in the small-pox with great effect; and by some surprising cures in families of the first rank, his reputation and his wealth increased daily.—In 1677 he resigned his fellowship, and in 1682 took his doctor's degree, though he still continued to reside at Oxford, where he rooted out the pernicious tribe of urinal-casters.

On removing to London, Radcliffe found that his reputation had gone before him; so that before he had been twelve months in town, he gained more than twenty guineas per day—as Dandrige, his apothecary, who himself acquired a

fortune of 50,000*l.* by his means, often asserted. Surprising instances of his professional skill and sagacity are recorded: he cured several persons of high rank, after they had been given over by other physicians; he relieved King William from a very dangerous asthma, which had baffled the efforts of Dr. Bidloo, and other men of great eminence.

When Queen Mary was seized with the small-pox, which the court physicians were not able to raise, Radcliffe was sent for by the council, and upon his perusing the recipes he told them plainly that her Majesty was a dead woman; and he said, after her death, that this great and good princess died a sacrifice by unskilful hands, who out of one disease, had produced a complication, by improper remedies.

In 1703, the Marquis of Blandford, only son of the Duke of Marlborough, being taken ill of the small-pox, at Cambridge, the doctor was applied to by the Duchess to attend him; but having the Marchioness of Worcester then under his care, he could only oblige her Grace by a prescription, which not being followed by the Cambridge doctors, the small-pox was struck in, on which she again applied to Radcliffe, who having heard the particulars of the symptoms and treatment as detailed in a letter from the tutor, said—"Madam, I should only put you to a great expense to no purpose, for you have nothing to do for his lordship now, but to send down an undertaker to take charge of the funeral; for I can assure your Grace that he is by this time dead of a distemper called the *doctor*, and would have recovered from the small-pox, had not that unfortunate malady intervened;" nor was he out in his judgment, for the duchess, on her return home, had the intelligence of her son's death.

Sometime before this, the son of Mr. John Bancroft, an eminent surgeon in Russell-street, Covent Garden, was taken ill of an empyema, of which Dr. Gibbons, who attended him mistaking the case, the child grew worse. Dr. Radcliffe was then called in, and told the father that he could do nothing to preserve his son, for he was killed to all intents and purposes; but that if he had any thoughts of putting a stone over his grave, he would furnish him with an inscription. Accordingly, in Covent Garden church-yard, a stone was erected, with a figure of a child, laying one hand on his side, and saying *hic dolor*, "here is my pain," and pointing with the other to a death's head, where are these words—*Ibi medicus*, "there is my physician."

Towards the close of life, Radcliffe

wanted ease and retirement; he therefore bought a house at Carshalton, and recommended Dr. Mead to a great part of his practice, saying to him—"I have succeeded by bullying, you may do the same by wheedling mankind."

When Queen Ann died, Radcliffe was censured most severely for his refusal to attend her; and so violent was party resentment against him, that he was threatened with assassination. The menaces he received from anonymous correspondents filled him with such apprehensions, that he could not venture to remove from his country seat; and this, with the want of his old companions, produced a melancholy which hastened his end about two months after the death of the queen, November 1, 1714. His body was removed to Oxford, and there solemnly interred the third of December following, in St. Mary's church.

When Radcliffe lived in Bow-street, Covent Garden, he had for his next door neighbour Sir Godfrey Kneller, the celebrated painter. Kneller's garden was richly furnished with exotic plants and flowers, of which Radcliffe was very fond; and to oblige him, Sir Godfrey permitted him to break a door out in the wall which divided the two gardens; but the doctor's servants made such havoc among the hortatory curiosities, that Sir Godfrey found himself under the necessity of making a complaint to their master.—Notwithstanding this, the grievance still continued, so that the knight at last let the doctor know, by one of his domestics, that he should be obliged to brick-up the door-way. To this the doctor, who was often in a choleric mood, returned for answer, "that Sir Godfrey might do anything he pleased to the door except painting it."

When Sir Godfrey heard this, he said, "did my very good friend Dr. Radcliffe say so?" then go back, and after presenting my service to him, tell him, "that I can take anything from him but physic."

One of Radcliffe's contemporaries was a noted quack, named Dr. John Case, who united the two professions of physician and astrologer. He took the house wherein the famous William Lilly had resided; and over his door he placed the following distich, by which he earned more money than Dryden did by all his works:

"Within this place  
Lives Dr. Case."

Upon his pill-boxes he had these very curious lines:

"Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence:  
Enough in any man's own conscience."

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE following is an amusing specimen of the dialect of the New Englanders: it is the relation of a rencontre with a bear:

Out broke a dozen voices, "O, Walter! Walter! are you come at last?—where is he? where's the Injunn? what's become o' him? What luck a' gunnin? any bears? any beaver? any wood-chuck?—Be the niggers rally up ow no? rather ryled, I guess, in Carrylynee?—Dod barrt his hide!—what's *he* laughin' at?—*why* don't he speak up?"

"One at a time—one at a time, if ye last the longer! hui-low! marsy on us, *what* a gabble! flock o' wile geese—in a hurricane. *What* a clatter, to be sure!"

"Where's Watty!"—"Close by;"—changing his whole manner—"Bald Eagle's runnin' for his life; and Watty's in the woods yet, I ruther guess."

"*Why*? you don't say so! not in the woods!"

"Guess he is tho'; be here soon—see'd him jess now, comin' over the smoky mountain there—sun about an hour high."

"Gracious God!" cried the preacher, "what is the meaning of all this?—out with it—peace, children, peace! who is that crying there? what has happened?"

"Why, darn it all, Parson Harwood, can't ye let a feller get his breath.—Hole still, Jotty, boy, can't ye hole still? Ony las Sabba'day"—glancing at Peters, who sat with a portentous frown over his brow—"ony las Sabba'day, 'at ever was me and Bald Eagle, what a feller *he* is! and Watty, boy, what dooze they do, but in they goes both on 'em, by goah! *pump*—into a snarl o' Mohawks campin' out! in they goes! *foored* o' nothin', them are fellers—not they; by'm by—told 'm so long aforehand: you know Watty's way, no *whoa* to him, I guess, what dooze they do? but Watty he knocks up a wrastlin' among 'em; Watty's nation sleek at arm's length, you know, Parson Harwood. Well, and so I sees what's a-comin'. I do, and Watty he throws 'em all, one arter tother same as nothin', which Bald Eagle he dooze jess the same. So that made 'em, and I clears out.—By'm by, *naitoral* enough, there they go! all a quartellin'. A word and a blow with Watty, boy, chock full o' fight, I guess; proper chap, too, in a tussle; seen him afore to-day, I guess, haint you, mister?—*terrible* sharp feller as ever: you seed; as big as you be;

don't care for *you*; dozen more jess like you, with all your stuffy looks."

"No more of that," said the preacher, "no more of that, if you please; tell us what has happened."

"Well, and so, Watty boy, he knocks 'em about, *just* one side, then tother; faster 'n sixteen more 'll pick 'em up.—So one o' the tribe, he *outs* with a knife, and he *ins* with it into Bald Eagle chock up to the hilt, alick enough!"

"The old one!—he didn't though?"

"Guess he did though; but our Watty—he walks into one o' the rest, *I* guess about right. Then for it! *away* they go off like a shot. Bald Eagle he runs like a deer; an' Watty—he takes right into the woods, an' then back again, which, when I seed him next, he had his face painted, and so I paints mine. "Oh, my I!"—"nation!"—"yah! how they pulled foot when they seed us commin.' Most off the handle some o' the tribe, *I* guess."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the preacher, "we shall have the Mohawks upon us!"

"What a 'tarnal shot 'he is tho', that 'ere Watty—*hits* where he likes *when* he's arter squirl's, picks 'em off like a daisy; seen 'em pop 'em off many a time, that's what I have, with one *keetle* buck-shot, when he could only see the tip, end of a nose, *right out* of a clever white oak tree, jess like nothin' at all too, allays hits 'em in the eye, heered the nooze?"

"What news?"

"Niggers up in Viginny!"—"No!"—

"Yes;"—"Ah!"—"Injunns out all over the wood; whew! tories risin', all in a buaz; pocket full o' bubble-bees.—We'll have a tussle soon, or I miss *my* guess."

"Well, if ever I heern tell o' sich a feller," cried Miriam, who had caught his eye. "Haw, haw, haw!" added Master Jotham, "he's ony pokin' fun at us, all the time, I know!" "Scoundrel!" said Peters, growing pale as he spoke, and grinding his teeth. "Scoundrel! how dare you come here with such a pack of lies to frighten?"

"Find out by *your* larnin', squire; never seed a wood-chuck in a toad-hole, *I* guess? *I* know *you*; don't care for *you*; land o' liberty; walk into you any time for half a sheet o' ginger-bread.—Out with you, Jotty! out with you! come along *I* say. What are you arter there squattin' so, jess like a cub in a bear-trap? Well, well, how goes it, Maryam? how do *you* carry yourself now?"

"Why, none the better for you."

"There, take that?"—giving her a smack.

"Ye great beast."—"Hope you're the same."

The narrator had encountered a bear, and however tedious he makes the account of his adventure, he was only released by Walter's shooting the animal. Peters, during the narration, lost all patience, asking if he would never finish.

"To be sure! All the time *there* was Watty makin' his way *through* the bushes, half leg-deep, thrashin' about an' tumblin' over the logs like fun—well, arter that, now for it, says he, by 'em by—now for it, stand out o' the way. *I* can't, says *I*. Move a little, says *he*. *I* can't, says *I*—*I* can't see nothin' at all o' his eyes—what's that 'ere bobbin' about afore 'em now? says *he*. That's my head, says *I*, fire away."—"Well, if ever!" "Great sulky beast he was too, would'n't wrastle fair."—"How so?"—"How so! begins to bite and gouge, an' trip, an' scratch afore *I* was half ready—if that's what you call fair—did his best *I* tell you—would a' turned my trousers inside-out if he could, *I* know."—"The great nasty critter!"—"Yes, an' every time *he* alipped, why burn *your* hide if *his* great, cold nose—didn't go—lolloppin' over—my neck—jess like a dead fish."

"Will you never finish?"

"Hole on your grip! says Watty, says he, bawlin' so, you might 'a heered him a mile. Hole on your grip, says *he*. *I* can't says *I*. *I*'m gettin' tired, says *I*, my hands are pootilly fixed, cramped like any thing, *I* guess, and alobbered all over. So, says he, hold still! says *he*.—*I* can't, says *I*, jess let me get a good aim, says *he*. If *I* can *I*'m darned, says *I*.—Why don't you kick his shins, and make him lay down? says *he*. *I* have, says *I*, over and over again, says *I*, but he wun't lay down. He's too plaguy stuffy for that, says *I*. *In fact—I* thought—*my* time—*had* come—sure enough—I guess." We preserve the last line as a gem of pure Yankee; and, as a sort of key to the language, have marked the quantity.

Brother Jonathan.

#### THE RECORD.

He sleeps, his head upon his sword,  
His soldier's cloak a shroud;  
His church-yard is the open field—  
Three times it has been plough'd;

The first time that the wheat sprung up  
'Twas black as if with blood,  
The meanest beggar turn'd away  
From the unholy food.

The third year, and the grain grew fair,  
As it was wont to wave;  
None would have thought that golden corn  
Was growing on the grave.

His lot was but a peasant's lot,  
His name a peasant's name;  
Not his, the place of death that turns  
Into a place of fame.

He fell as other thousands do,  
Trampled down where they fall,  
While on a single name is heap'd  
The glory gain'd by all.

Yet even he whose common grave  
Lies in the open fields,  
Died not without a thought of all  
The joy that glory yields.

That small white church in his own land,  
The lime trees almost hide,  
Bears on the walls the names of those  
Who for their country died.

His name is written on those walls,  
His mother reads it there,  
With pride,—oh! no, there could not be  
Pride in the widow's prayer.

And many a stranger who shall mark  
That peasant roll of fame,  
Will think on prouder ones, yet say  
This was a hero's name.

*The Troubadour, &c. by L. E. L.*

#### ANECDOTE OF NADIR SHAH.

MANY are the anecdotes related of this prince, illustrative of his admiration for courage, and his intolerance of cowardice. One day a dealer in arms brought for the king's inspection a parcel of swords (for which, if of fine quality, he was known to give almost any price). He took one, and after examining it, he observed that it was a good sword, but too short. "*Ek kudum peish*" (one step forward), said a young man among his attendants, in a low tone; meaning that it needed but to advance one step further towards an enemy. Nadir bent upon him his stern eye, and after a while said, "and will you make that *one step*?" "If it please your majesty," said the youth. "Well, then, remember!" rejoined the king, and threw him the sword. Some time afterwards, in an engagement which was very hot, Nadir called for the young man, and said, "Now, *Ek kudum peish*." "Be chushm," (*by my eyes*, touching them,) said the youth, and dashed into the thick of the conflict, from whence he soon re-issued, bearing an enemy's head to Nadir's feet. A second time and a third time he thus plunged into the throng, and with a similar success. But he had not escaped without hurt, and in the fourth charge he was overpowered, and would have been elain, when Nadir, who had been quietly and silently looking on, called out, "Save that youth, he is a brave fellow." Rescue was timely sent, and the youth, bleeding and faint, was brought to Nadir, who ordered him to be

taken care of, and advanced him in his service.

*Frazer's Journey into Khorasan.*

#### ACCOUNT OF THE TOORKO-MANS.

THE wild region of Khorasan is inhabited by various tribes, chiefly the Tuckeh, the Gocklan, and the Yamoot: of these eastern Koords (who must not be confounded with the Koords of Koordistan) we select as many of the most curious notices as our present limits allow.

The Toorkoman women are not shut up, or concealed like those of most Mahometan countries, nor do they even wear veils; the only thing resembling them is a silken or cotton curtain which is worn tied round the face, so as to conceal all of it below the nose, and which falls down upon their breasts. They do not rise and quit the tent upon the entrance of a stranger, but continue occupied unconcernedly with whatever work they were previously engaged upon. They are, in truth, rather familiar with strangers; and have even the reputation of being well disposed to regard them with peculiar favour; it is said, indeed, that they not unfrequently assume the semblance of allurements, with the treacherous intention of seducing the incautious stranger into improper liberties; upon which the alarm is given, the men rush in, and convicting their unhappy guest of a breach of the laws of hospitality, they doom him without further ceremony to death, or captivity, making a prize of all he may have possessed.

The head-dress of these women is singular enough; most of them wear a lofty cap, with a broad crown resembling that sort of soldier's cap called a shako; this is stuck upon the back of the head, and over it is thrown a silk handkerchief of a very brilliant colour, which covers the top, and falls down on each side like a veil thrown back. The front of this is covered with ornaments of silver or gold, in various shapes; most frequently gold coins, mohrs or tomauns, strung in rows, with silver bells or buttons, and chains depending from them; hearts and other fanciful forms with stones set in them; the whole gives rather the idea of gorgeous trappings for a horse, than ornaments for a female. The frames of these monstrous caps are made of light chips of wood, or split reeds, covered with cloth; and when they do not wear these, they wrap a cloth around their heads in the same form; and carelessly throw another, like a veil, over it; the veil or curtain above spoken of, covers the mouth, &c.

scending to the breast; ear-rings are worn in the ears, and their long hair is divided, and plaited into four parts, disposed two on each side; one of which falls down behind the shoulder and one before, and both are strung with a profusion of gold ornaments, agates, cornelians, and other stones, according to the means and quality of the wearer.

It is the custom among the Toorkomans for a man to purchase his wife, a certain number of camels, sheep, or cattle, constituting the price. The women are valuable as servants, not only attending to the household matters, but manufacturing such articles as the family sells, the men paying little attention to any thing beyond the larger cattle and their plundering expeditions. It is somewhat singular that, in these bargains, a widow who has been some years married, bears a far higher value than a young girl: the latter will bring from two to four hundred rupees; the former as many thousands. Five camels is a common price for a girl; from fifty to a hundred are often given for a woman who has been married, and is still in the prime of life. The reason assigned for this curious choice is, that the former is not supposed to be as yet by any means acquainted with the management of a family, or with the occupations and manufactures that render a woman valuable to her husband; and so great may be the difference of degree in this species of knowledge, that a woman known to excel in it will command the large price above stated.

It is, however, rendered highly probable from this high price, that polygamy must be less common among the Toorkoman tribes than in other Mahometan countries. Whether from this cause or not, I cannot say; but it is certain that their women are by far more prolific than others, even, as I was assured, in the proportion of two to one. I can myself assert, that out of every camp we passed through, such crowds of children issued, that one of my servants in amazement, cried out, that it was "like an *ant-hill*." They were stout, healthy, hardly little creatures, almost quite naked, and it was admirable to see the courage and unconcern with which infants, that seemed scarcely able to walk, would splash and plunge through streams that would have made an European mother scream. Every thing about them told of the rough school in which they were receiving their education. My host, Khallee Khan, though by no means much advanced in life, had ten fine sons, born of his two wives.

When one of these Toorkomans dies, they wash the body on the spot where he

breathed his last, or as near it as possible; and on that spot they raise a little mound, by digging a circular trench, two or three feet wide, throwing the earth up in the centre; and in this mound they plant a tree, or pole, to mark the place. The plain is studded, in some places pretty thickly, with these traces of mortality. The body is carried for interment further into the plain. There are numerous burying-grounds to be seen all over this country, even in the plains near the rivers,—sad proofs of former population and prosperity, now totally disappeared.

*Ibid.*

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### PROPOSED AEROSTATION COMPANY.

LOOKING at the vast powers which man is rapidly acquiring, by means of steam, gas, &c., I see no reason why he should not, at some future period, possess equal sway over the element of air, as he does now over those of earth and water. The first navigators never ventured to sail but with a fair wind; and yet look at the light bark bearing up directly against the wind, see how

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Why might not a machine, somewhat resembling a boat, be constructed, with ten or twelve wings on each side, to be put in motion by steam with such velocity, that, aided by the buoyant power of the gas, the whole might be elevated or depressed at pleasure, and turned in any direction? As the times are ripe for associations for all kinds of improvements, I should like to propose an Aerostation Company, formed for the purpose of affording an expeditious, easy and agreeable mode of travelling, by means of aerostatic diligences, with a prospectus announcing the different routes; for instance, that the "Balloon" coach, from London to Exeter, would be replaced by the real balloon, and that that dreadful eyesore to English travellers, cycled the *Hirondelle* Diligence, which runs from Calais to Paris, would be forced to hide its diminished head from the London and Paris Swallow Balloon, &c.; stating also, that these wonderful contrivances had been constructed under the superintendence of a committee of the first engineers in the kingdom; that patents had been granted for them from the different governments on the Continent; that they were calculated to stand any weather, fitted up in a



superior style, with every accommodation, &c. &c.—why, the very day after the announcement of so important an undertaking, there would not be a share left; it would throw all other companies into the shade; people would laugh at rail-roads and steam-boats, no one would think of being suffocated with dust, or tormented with sea sickness, when he could take his place in an aerostatic diligence. Consider the great advantage with regard to meals on the road: the landlord of the inn of a country town, where the passengers alight to breakfast, goes to the top of his house about the usual time, with a spy-glass, descries the coach at a distance, gives directions to the waiters to lay the cloth on the table; when it approaches nearer, he discerns, marked on a white flag or board, the number of passengers, and he immediately orders the waiters to set out the corresponding number of plates, knives, forks, chairs, &c. The vehicle now hovers for a moment over the town, commences its descent, and when about fifty yards from the ground the machinery is gradually stopped, ropes are thrown out to the balloon-boys (stage coach ostlers exist no longer), who guide it gently down to the inn-yard, and the passengers find the means all ready of satisfying their vigorous appetites, the salutary effects of an aerostatic voyage. But aerostation would not be confined to public conveyances; we should soon see every gentleman as eager to keep his *aerostatic* as his tilbury or pleasure-boat. Conceive the delight which a Londoner and his spouse would feel on seating themselves in such a vehicle, after its apparatus had been properly adjusted, and forcing their way through the great Babel's smoky atmosphere into the salubrious ether; and this, merely by turning either the *direction* wheel, or the *elevation* and *depression* wheel, as occasion may require. Then, too, as a military man, I cannot help contemplating the great revolution which such powers will naturally effect in the art of war; naval and land engagements will be nothing compared to aerostatic warfare, in which machines, similar to flying ships, will charge impetuously upon one another, and where flying artillery will attain the highest degree of perfection.—But it is time I should leave off building castles in the air. . . . .

*London Magazine.*

#### FRENCH MILLINERS.

WE believe the "restrictive system" never reached the importation of French milliners and dress-makers. We think these precious foreign commodities are not even subject to a protecting duty on being

imported. They, therefore, naturally enough, are very plentiful in the metropolis. We cannot, do what we will, entirely close our ears to scandal; and we absolutely have been assured, that there are British ladies of high rank, who, when they order their dresses, give strict injunctions that these shall only be touched by the outlandish people. We have been further assured, that these British ladies of high rank are constrained to act towards the French women, as the nurse acts towards the spoiled child, when she wishes to keep it from an outrageous fit of squalling. We have been ever further assured, that these British ladies of high rank, endure insulting impertinence and insolence from the Gallic damsels, almost as though they were matters to be proud of.

It is quite impossible for us to believe this of our lovely countrywomen. That a British Peeress, or the lady of one of our country gentlemen, should thus lavish her favours on a foreign ingrate, and studiously withhold employment and bread from the humble, obliging, and industrious daughter of her own country, is a thing that can be believed by no one. Is it the more incredible, because no earthly cause can be assigned for it. If our English girls were devoid of taste, and could only stitch with packthread, and needles six inches long, the case would be different; but a man has only to look at the females of the middle classes, to be convinced that English hands can make dresses capable of giving the utmost effect to the charms of any female whatever. We, however, think, that when the English dress-makers are so fully employed that not one can be obtained, a lady of rank will then reluctantly employ a French one. We think this, because we have occasionally seen ladies of rank garbed in dresses, so grotesque and unbecoming, and having such a murderous effect upon their beauty, that we have been quite convinced these dresses never could have been made by English fingers.

As to the calumny, that a British lady of rank will submit to the impertinences and insolence of the outlandish women, it is really shocking. The wives and daughters of our high-minded nobility—the females born on the soil of England, and filled with that blood, in which pride and lofty spirit luxuriate to the last—submit to disgrace like this? No, no—it cannot be. It would be just as possible for them to fall in love with apes and monkeys.

We hear, too, that among our females the partiality for foreign silks, laces, and gloves, is as great as ever. This we are compelled to believe. We lament it, and are ashamed of it. It will, however, in

due time, greatly benefit trade, and this must satisfy us.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## Miscellanies

### THE COCOOY, QUEEN BEETLE.

THIS astonishing insect is about one inch and a quarter in length, and what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire fly, but give as steady a light as the gas light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which afford light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day time she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light. But language cannot describe the beauty and sublimity of these lucid orbs in miniature, with which nature has endowed the queen of the insect kingdom.

*New York Advertiser, June 23.*

### ANECDOTE OF CHARLES TOWNSEND.

MR. CHARLES TOWNSEND used every morning, as he came from his lady-mother's to the Treasury, to pass by the canal in the Park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the duckey, duckey, duckeys, he found unfortunately that he had forgotten them.—"Poor duckeys!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry and cannot get you some bread, but here is sixpence for you to buy some," and threw the ducks a sixpence, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very wisely told the story to some gentlemen with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the body of a duck, which he gave Charles to cut up. Our hero, surprised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning, bade the waiter send up his master, whom he loaded with epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks, "for," says he, "gentlemen, this very morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park."

### EPIGRAM ON "NOTHING."

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

WRITE on nothing! Lady! shine so to puzzle me;

For something, Lady, ne'er can nothing be.

This nothing must be something, and I see,

This nothing and this something—all in thee.  
DOCTOR.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### IMPROMPTU.

*Translation of a Latin inscription on a cannon-ball, which killed Mr. Nicholls, Governor of Long Island, in 1672.\**

"Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis."

Though you charge me with ill, curse the day of my birth,

And accuse me of tearing a saint from the earth—

Yet still to the deed let due credit be given,

It has hastened the flight of an angel to heaven.  
T. O. M.

\* See MIRROR, No. 137.

### BEEES.

THE honey-bees not only labour in common with astonishing assiduity and art, but their whole attention and affections seem to centre in the person of the queen or sovereign of the hive; when she dies by accident, the whole community are instantly in disorder, all their labours cease, no new cells are constructed, and neither honey nor wax are collected.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lord, Cochrane, or the Hero's Return, with the letters of Janet, Vivian, and M. in our next.

\* M. has our best thanks; his article shall have insertion, but we think we have seen a better view of the Abbey.

The articles by F. R.—y shall be resumed.

The view alluded to by Oceanus is not forgotten, but shall appear in No. 155. We shall feel much obliged by the promised drawing.

T. A. N. C.'s request shall be attended to.

The "Cenci" we are sorry to say is far too long; it shall be left with our publisher for the author.

A temporary absence from town must be an apology to our other correspondents for not answering them until next week.

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